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**THE
WHISPERING
GALLERY**

**BY
SIDNEY H. PRICE**

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Journal of Religion

THE WHISPERING GALLERY

THE WHISPERING GALLERY

AND

OTHER TALKS TO GIRLS AND BOYS

BY

SIDNEY H. PRICE

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*Dedicated to the
Boys and Girls at Farsley,
who for six years were my constant friends*

Some of these talks have appeared in *The Expository Times*. Grateful acknowledgment is made to the Editor for kind permission to reproduce them in this book.

For many of the ideas incorporated in these addresses I am indebted to the *Manchester Guardian* Miscellany Column, and gladly acknowledge this indebtedness.

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THE WHISPERING GALLERY

I

“Where there is no whisperer, contention ceaseth.”—
PROV. xxvi. 20.

NOT long ago I went into St. Paul's Cathedral. I had often been there before, but I had overlooked an interesting part of this Cathedral, so I went to see it. Away up in the dome there is a gallery. You may step outside and get a remarkable view of London, but it is about the inside gallery that I wish to speak to you. It is known as the Whispering Gallery. Now many churches have whispering galleries, at least, that would be a good name for them, but I do not know another quite like this in St. Paul's. If you speak in a whisper, your words will travel around the gallery and other people may hear what you have said. It means you will have to be careful what you say if ever you visit the Whispering Gallery. Your own words may

even come back to you if you listen carefully, for they travel all round the gallery.

If we lived in a place like that, perhaps we would cultivate the habit of saying only those things that we would not mind other people hearing, and that would not make us blush if they came back to us. It would be wise for us to do so, wouldn't it ?

As a matter of fact, we do live in a world very much like a whispering gallery. What we say in England to-day may be heard in France or Germany or India or other countries within a few minutes. Important news is sent by wireless, so nations have to be careful what they say. In olden days, if we quarrelled with China, for instance, it took so long for messages to travel that we had time to think calmly while waiting for an answer. To-day, the message can travel so quickly that we hardly have time to think. So you see we are living in a world very much like a whispering gallery, and nations, like men, must be careful what they say about one another.

If you could send a message to people all over the world, what would your message be ? As Christian boys and girls, you want others to know that God loves them, and that Jesus is their Friend and Saviour.

Now I know a lovely way in which you can turn this great world into a huge whispering gallery so that you can send just that message to others. Every Sunday the missionary box is passed around your class. When you put your offering in that box, will you just say to yourself, "I am whispering to the world that God is love, and that Jesus is a Friend and Saviour to all men."

We need have no fear of whispering a message like that. We shall be glad for others to hear it, and shall not be ashamed if our own words come back to us.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT

TOLD BY A CONGO MISSIONARY

“The things that are despised did God choose.”—
I COR. i. 28.

EVERYBODY was busy preparing for the Sale of Work which was soon to take place. When the parcels were opened, the ladies who were arranging the work were rather concerned by one of the contributions which had been sent in. It was a patchwork quilt made by a very old lady. She evidently did not realise that such things were out of date. Where could it be placed? It would not be in keeping with all the fine up-to-date things.

When the sale was opened, some people smiled as they saw the old-fashioned quilt. Perhaps they did not know who had made it or how much love was behind the gift. The day came to an end, and most things had been sold, but the quilt remained.

The minister was sorry when he saw it there, though he too realised how it happened. He knew the old lady well, and knew how she loved the church, and how much time she had spent making the quilt.

The following day was Missionary Sunday. Just as the sale was closing, in walked the missionary who was to speak on the morrow. He saw the quilt, "That is just what I want," he said. But he could not afford to buy it. The old lady felt glad that somebody liked her work, and said she would be pleased if the missionary would accept it as a gift. So that was how the old lady's quilt found its way out to Africa.

One day the bedroom was being cleaned, and the quilt along with other things was hung on the veranda. The chief of a neighbouring village came that way and admired the many-coloured quilt greatly. Its brightness took his fancy, and he wanted to buy it. The missionary refused to sell, but said, "For a long time I have wanted a piece of land in your village to build a church there. If you will give me the land I need, you shall have the quilt." The chief agreed, and a church was built.

In the next mail from the mission station

the minister received a letter telling him what had happened, and asking him to inform the old lady. He did so, thinking how delighted she would be to know her work had been used in this way. He was surprised, however, to find she was not at all excited about the news, and asked her why. She said, " Well, I am glad to know the quilt has been used so greatly, but not surprised. You see, every patch on that quilt was put on with a prayer. I knew God would use it somehow, so why should I be surprised ? "

SOAP

“ Though thou wash thee with lye, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me.”—JER. ii. 22.

I WONDER if you have seen an advertisement that interested me very much some time ago. It represents a mother emptying her boy's pockets. What a wonderful collection was there! Cigarette cards, not too clean, a few nails, an old rubber heel, some string, a pocket-knife, a scrubby bit of pencil, a few sweets, and several things besides.

Underneath that picture were these words, “ Never mind, he is free from germs. He has been washed with Lifebuoy Soap.”

No doubt there was truth in the mother's words. A good disinfectant soap helps to keep us free from the harmful effects of germs. This is one reason why we do not have the awful diseases and plagues that ravage some countries. It is a good thing for this reason alone to keep ourselves clean.

Some people have ideas that seem very strange to us about what is clean and unclean. A high-caste Hindu will not allow the shadow of a low-caste Hindu to fall upon him if he can avoid it. If by accident such a thing should happen, then he washes himself to remove the stain made by the other man's shadow.

Long ago, Jews had a similar idea. They thought that shadows or tombs or certain kinds of food could make them unclean, and you remember what Jesus told them. He said they need not bother about such things, that the only really unclean things were evil thoughts and desires.

Now, of course, a man cannot use soap and water to clean his mind, though I know a lady who used to say to boys and girls, "If I hear you say things like that again, I will take you to the tap and wash your mouth with soap and water." Perhaps the nasty taste of the soap would discourage them from saying unclean things in her presence, but no amount of soap would wash away the unclean thoughts.

There is a way, however, by which thoughts and desires can be washed out of our minds. Many years ago a good man prayed, "Create

in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." We can pray that prayer too, and ask God to make our thoughts pure and our tempers sweet.

THE SIGN OF THE FISH

“ These are written, that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God ; and that believing ye may have life in His name.”—JOHN XX. 31.

HAVE you ever heard of the Catacombs, those underground passages that run for miles and miles beneath the city of Rome ? Perhaps some day you will go and see them for yourselves. If you do, there are many things you will notice. Wherever there is stone or woodwork men have been busy carving. There is one figure we shall recognise immediately. It has been carved probably hundreds of times in these dark passages. As soon as we see it, we say to ourselves, “ Jesus.” Yes, it is a picture of Jesus. In the early days, when Christians were persecuted they fled to the Catacombs for safety, and there they worshipped in secret. It might be that among those early Christians there were some who had seen Jesus, and they have carved those pictures. Many of the paintings

of the great artists have been copied from these crude carvings.

Then, too, we shall notice all sorts of strange things carved on the walls, some shaped like a boat, or a heart, and most prominent among them that of a fish. What do all these things mean? It is a strange secret language.

The sign of the fish is the most important. To understand it we shall have to learn a Greek word, the Greek for "fish," ΙΧΘΥΣ. Notice carefully. Spell it again, letter by letter—ΙΧΘΥΣ. Five letters in this word, and every letter stands for another word, and all the five words together make a sentence. This is what we call a "mnemonic."

Now let us see what each of these letters means. In Greek there is no letter "J." In fact, many languages have no letter "J," so they cannot spell the name Jesus as we do. The Greek begins with a capital I—Iesous. That is what our first letter stands for—Jesus.

There is another letter the Greeks do not use, the letter "C." "Well," you say, "how can they spell the name Christ?" They begin with this funny-looking letter like an X—Xristos. So now we have our first two words, Jesus Christ.

Jesus Christ. "We believe Jesus Christ was

the Son of God," say these early Christians. So they use two more Greek words, one meaning "God" and the other meaning "Son." You will all recognise the first one, "Theos"; that is the Greek word for God. You know our word "theology." Then the Greek word for "Son" is Uios. We have now used four of our five letters, and they mean Jesus Christ, the Son of God.

The early Christians then say, "But Jesus is more than that. He is our Saviour, and the Greek word for Saviour also begins with "S," σωτηρ. That completes our word—

I for Jesus.

X for Christ.

Θ for God.

Υ for Son.

Σ for Saviour.

The Greek word *Ixthus* means a fish, so the sign of the fish indicates that the wearer believes that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world.

PAYING BACK

“ Never pay back evil for evil to any one.”—Rom. xii. 17 (Moffatt).

WHEN I was at school, a very common remark used to be, “ You wait. I’ll pay you back.” That was, of course, usually a threat rather than a promise of something good to come.

A little boy came home crying one day. He had been to a neighbour’s house to play, but they were busily occupied with a burst water pipe and had no time to spare for play. “ Never mind,” said his little brother, “ we will have a burst pipe of our own one day, then we will not invite them.”

One thing I notice about boys and girls, and a very good thing too, is that they usually forget about their threats to pay back unkindness. You go into your playground and start your games, and in a moment you have forgotten that a little while ago you felt angry

with some one. That is really fine, and I hope you will keep it up when you grow up to be men and women.

Some years ago, two students in America received news that their fathers had lost a great deal of money, and it was doubtful whether they could finish their university training. Then one of them had a bright idea. He heard that Paderewski was touring America, and suggested that they arrange a concert in a large hall and invite the famous musician to play. They felt sure that enough money could be raised in this way to help them through. The concert was arranged, and all went well until they came to pay Paderewski his fee. The money they had taken was not sufficient, and they had to ask him to take what they had and accept an IOU for the remainder. You can imagine the disappointment of those two students. A few days later, however, Paderewski heard their story, and he returned the IOU and the money they had paid him as his fee, and asked the students to use it for their education.

Years passed by, and the Great War came, leaving most countries very poor, and in some of them a terrible famine. Paderewski's own country, Poland, was in trouble, and statesmen

from several countries met in Europe to consider what could be done to save Poland from financial disaster. President Hoover came from America, and offered very generous help, and Paderewski, who represented his country at the conference, thanked the President for his help. Mr. Hoover then told this story of two American students, and, he said, "I was one of those students." He was just paying back a kindness.

Never pay back evil for evil to any one, but never lose an opportunity of paying back a kindness. That will be our rule if we are Christ's boys and girls.

FIRST AID FOR SEA-BIRDS

“Not one of them is forgotten in the sight of God.”—
LUKE xii. 6.

“**F**IRST Aid for Sea-Birds.” That is the title written over an article in one of our daily papers. On every coast where big ships pass to and fro, hundreds of sea-birds in distress may be seen every day. They are caught in patches of oil on the sea, and their feathers become so clogged that they can neither fly nor swim, and they are left to die slowly and terribly.

All this suffering is caused by ships that use oil instead of coal, and people in many countries are anxious to do something to help their bird friends. Their case has come before the League of Nations, and it is hoped that very soon all nations with large ships will combine to prevent so much misery. It will take time for the nations to act, but already some people have taken the matter in their own hands and

are now rendering first aid to the sea-birds.

Some boys on the south coast of England started this work of mercy in 1934. I am glad it was the boys rather than grown-ups who thought of this. They patrol the coast between Brighton and Hove, and already other boys on the south coast have followed their example. Where possible, they remove the oil from the wings and feathers, and set the bird free, but if there is little chance of the bird living, they kill it as painlessly as possible.

The fine example of these boys has come to the notice of other people who also want to help. In Brighton and Hove a number of chemists have provided everything necessary for dealing with these helpless patients.

These boys have learned a great secret at a time when most people are looking for pleasure and excitement. They have discovered that in helping the birds they get a great deal of pleasure and even a thrill out of it too. It is great to see the birds enjoy their liberty as soon as they have been dealt with.

Many of us do not live near enough to the coast to join these boys in their work of mercy, but there is something we can do all the same even in the town and country. In the spring

we can discourage other boys from robbing a bird's nest, and all animals should be able to count on us as their friends.

A little boy living in a city slum did a brave thing the other day. He saw a kitten sitting in the middle of the road, as kittens sometimes will, and a motor-car approaching quickly. He ran into the middle of the road, picked up the kitten, and set it down on the footpath. Some one saw his brave act and asked him his name, but he did not want any fuss. He just said, "Garn," and ran away.

I am sure God is pleased when He sees boys and girls offering their protection to birds and animals. He is interested in them, and Jesus said, "Not one of them is forgotten in His sight."

VAIN GIVING

“God loveth a cheerful giver.”—2 COR. ix. 7.

YOU have all seen the appeals made by hospitals and infirmaries, those large posters calling the attention of motorists and others to the need for support. Some people are very ingenious in the way they make their appeal.

A little while ago, a valuable diamond cross was offered for sale on behalf of Queen Charlotte's Hospital for Women. That cross once belonged to Dom Pedro II., the last Emperor of Brazil.

Dom Pedro was himself interested in hospitals. He also had an ingenious way of raising money for a new hospital to be built in Rio de Janeiro. Subscriptions came in very slowly, so the Emperor offered to confer the title of baron on every one who gave 100,000 milreis, or about £22,000, and the title of count on those who gave 250,000 milreis,

or about £55,000. Strange as it may seem to you and me, there was such a rush for these honours that enough money was readily forthcoming, not only to build the hospital, but to endow it handsomely.

The Emperor decided that an inscription should be placed over the main entrance. This inscription may still be seen. It is clever, though not very flattering to those who gave such large sums of money. It reads—

HUMAN VANITY TO HUMAN MISERY

History can supply many stories of people who have bought for themselves titles and honours. Of course, deep down in our hearts, you and I do not admire such people. If a man has really done great service for his fellow-men, we are glad then if the king honours him with a knighthood or some other honour, and I believe we admire still more those who decline such honours when they are offered. These are men and women who have served others for the love of doing it, and for love of less fortunate people, and because they believed God had given them that work to do. They did not look for any reward.

Some day, perhaps, a boy or girl here this morning may be honoured by our King for

great service. We shall all be proud of you in that day. But every one of you may receive a higher title than any that even the King of England can confer. I heard some people say of one of their friends, "Yes, he is one of God's gentlemen." That is one of the finest titles I know. It meant he always did what he believed was right in the sight of God, and did it in a kind and Christlike way. He was always helping somebody. He helped others to find Jesus Christ. He was a Knight of the Cross ; and you may be that too. I know of no higher honour than that, and God is waiting to confer that title on you when you are ready.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

“Overcome evil with good.”—ROM. xii. 21.

IN Platt Fields Park, Manchester, there is a statue in memory of Abraham Lincoln. Unlike most statues in this country, it is not raised on a high pedestal, but is almost on the ground level, American fashion.

When it was presented to the people of Manchester some years ago, the American nation sent one of its citizens, a judge, to be present at the unveiling. The judge spoke of the work Lincoln had done for slaves in America at a time when half the people in that country wanted to keep slaves, and even wanted to form themselves into a separate nation in order to do so, and this resulted in war between the Northern and the Southern States.

During that war, a small boy living in the south saw the soldiers pass his home. His blood ran hot as he heard the band, and he

followed them and offered himself as a drummer boy. He soon found that war was not a picnic, and after a terrible battle, he was among the prisoners. Rumour had it that his own people were shooting prisoners, and the people of the north threatened to do the same, and this boy was among those condemned to die.

In the prison camp, black people who had once been slaves and had escaped, worked as servants for their friends in the Northern States. Among these black people was an old woman who was greatly distressed when she heard they were likely to shoot this boy. She did a very courageous thing. She hastened to President Lincoln and pleaded for his life, and asked him to send the boy home to his mother. Lincoln sent for the boy and told him of the black woman's request, and then sent him home.

This made the boy think. He had been fighting on the side of those who wanted to keep slaves, therefore the black woman ought to have considered him as her enemy, yet she had pleaded for him. There and then, although he was only twelve years old, he resolved that if ever he had a chance of helping black people he would do so.

"And," said the American judge who told

this story in Manchester, "I was that boy."

You can imagine the silence of that crowd as they listened to his story. Here was a man who had devoted most of his life to securing their rights for the black people of America. It seemed very fitting that he should represent his country on such an occasion.

What would you have done had you been that old black woman? "If your enemy is hungry, feed him; if he is thirsty, give him drink; for in this way you will make him feel a burning sense of shame."

JEWELS

“ It cannot be valued with gold, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.”—JOB xxviii. 16.

WHEN you have been to the seaside you have probably gazed in shop windows which display all kinds of gifts for you to take home to your friends, and among these gifts you might have noticed jewellery made from stones found in the district.

One holiday-maker in the Scilly Isles noticed jewels like this, and went into the shop to inquire about them, and found they were polished stones picked up on the seashore. He became interested, and looked for such stones himself. Of course, those he found were not bright like those in the shop, for they had not been polished. He sent some of them away, and when they were returned he was pleased to find they were what we call “ semi-precious stones,” like topaz, amethyst, onyx, jasper, sardonyx, crystal, and others.

This gave the man an idea. He was a retired business man and a keen missionary worker, and he decided to trade in these jewels and give all his profits to missionary work. For several years now he has been supporting beds in missionary hospitals, and to-day six beds have the name over them, "Precious Jewel Bed."

If you look in some of the missionary magazines, you will see his advertisements. His name is Mr. A. W. Allen, of Leicester.

It seems wonderful, doesn't it, that stones picked up on the seashore, plus Mr. Allen's love and effort, are used to heal suffering people and to tell them of Jesus Christ. Little things plus love can work miracles.

I saw a miracle of this kind recently. A little boy was feeling very unhappy; he had eaten all his sweets, and wanted more, and he was crying about it. "Never mind," said his younger sister, "you shall have some of mine," and immediately the April shower gave place to sunshine. Small comfort and generosity and unselfishness are among the lovely jewels that help work miracles.

One Christmas Eve, I found another bright jewel in the street. David had been carol-singing, and stood gazing in the village toy-

shop window, turning a penny from one hand to the other. A choir came that way and stopped outside the shop to sing. As they moved away, David, who was not usually shy, crept up and made his offering. When the box was opened that night, half-crowns and two-shilling pieces and other silver coins were there, and a penny. As we looked on that penny, tears came into our eyes, and it seemed the brightest coin of all. Love made it a bright jewel.

Talking of jewels, I wonder what your mother would say if some one offered to give her an iron ring in exchange for her gold wedding ring. It sounds a silly offer to make, doesn't it? Yet that is what actually happened once in Germany. The nation was in great difficulty because of the shortage of gold, and the Government said that if all the women would give up their gold rings in exchange for iron ones, it would save their country. Many German women actually did part with their gold rings and accept iron ones instead, just for love of their native land, and there are people in Germany to-day who are proud to show you the iron rings possessed by their grandmothers. Such devotion is a finer jewel than gold.

As I look at you boys and girls, I know there are many jewels in your characters. Some of them are perhaps unpolished yet, but I can see jewels like thoughtfulness, unselfishness, kindness, brightness, and many others. Some of you are growing quite rich in such jewellery. That is what always happens when Jesus Christ is our friend.

WHAT THE WATCH SAID

"Called according to His purpose."—Rom. viii. 28.

JOHN had received a luminous wrist-watch for his birthday, and, naturally, he was very excited. It was his first watch. He had often envied his father when he had seen him pull out his watch to tell somebody the time. Now he possessed one of his own, for he was seven years of age, and began to feel himself quite a man.

"Will it go? Will it keep good time? Does it shine in the dark? Must I wind it up every day?" These were just a few of the questions he asked about his new treasure.

He was a little later than usual going to sleep that night. Every now and then he looked at his watch under the bedclothes, just to see what time it was. He is not quite sure now whether he had gone to sleep, or whether his wonderful watch really spoke to him. At any rate, he remembers clearly what it said,

because it seemed to repeat his own questions, turning them on himself.

“Do you go?” asked the watch. “You were made to work, you know. Do you fulfil your mission in life?” This question made John think. “What am I here for?” he said. “Of course it is nice to play games and have a good time, but I suppose there is more in life than that.” He resolved that he would find out what he was in the world for, what he could do, what purpose there was in life, for, as the watch had said, he was made to go.

“Do you keep good time?” said the watch. That was a rather awkward question. After all, it is not always easy to get up in a morning. He remembered, too, that once or twice he had been late for Sunday school, and only yesterday he had kept his mother waiting when she was so very busy. “You see,” said the watch, “if I do not keep good time, you will say I am not much use. Other people will say the same about you.” That settled it. John made up his mind he would be up in good time in the morning, and now that he had a watch to guide him, he would try to keep it up all the day, and form the habit of punctuality.

The watch persisted in his questions. “I shine in the dark, do you?” he said. “Any

sort of watch can shine when the sun is bright, but my sort, well, we shine in the dark. It is all very well for you to shine and be cheerful when everything pleases you. Are you as happy when you are interrupted in your play because your mother wants you to help her? What are you like at school when the lessons are difficult? "

John found these questions very searching, and he became thoughtful. He knew, to be truthful, there were times when he was not bright and shining. "It is hard to shine in the dark," he said to himself. "Of course," continued the watch, "I only shine at night if I have my sunshine during the day, and you can only smile at difficulties if you have your sunshine too."

"There is just one more thing I want to say," said the watch. "If you are to go, and keep good time, you must be wound up every day, as I have to be. Follow my example and put yourself in your master's hands and trust him. If you want to shine in the dark, make the most of the sunshine."

John thought, "Now he's preaching. Still, there is a lot in what he says. He means I must pray and read my Bible every day. He's right too, for if I do this, I shall find out what

God wants me to do, and I shall be able to keep cheerful when things do not go right."

The next day John's mother noticed that he seemed different, but she did not quite understand why. You see, she does not know that watches can talk.

II

BE KIND TO THE TARTAR

“ Victory over the beast.”—REV. xv. 2.

BOYS and girls in China have fairy stories just as we have. The one I wish to tell you this morning is about a wealthy merchant and his three daughters. The two elder girls were very nice-looking, while the third was the most beautiful girl you ever saw.

These girls used to play together in the wonderful gardens around their father's house, and one of the games they loved most seems rather strange to us. They would gather around a clear stream in the garden and look at themselves in the water and see who was the prettiest.

One day when they were playing this game, they saw a goldfish. “ Wouldn't it be fun if the goldfish could talk to us ? ” said one of them. The youngest girl then playfully addressed the goldfish, “ Most honourable

Mr. Goldfish, you look very wise. Will you not give us the benefit of your wisdom?" To their amazement, the fish came to the surface, and peeped out of the water. "What would you like me to tell you?" he said. "Oh," said the girls all together, "tell us about the men we shall marry."

The goldfish, looking even wiser than before, said to the eldest girl, "You shall marry a judge. He will be wise and good." To the next girl he said, "You will marry a soldier, and he will be brave and strong; and the youngest will marry a prince. But, remember," said the goldfish, "be kind to the Tartar." This remark made the three girls think. What could the fish mean? The Tartars were a wild race who lived beyond the Great Wall of China, a long way off, so of course it seemed easy to promise to be kind to them.

One day the father said to his daughters, "I am going a journey. What would you like me to bring you when I return?" The eldest girl said, "Please bring me some lovely pearl and diamond shoes." The second said, "I would like the most beautiful silk frock you can buy"; and the third said she would like a piece of the Great Wall of China. The father

thought his youngest daughter made a strange request, but as he had asked what they wanted, he decided to do what he could. He bought the pearl and diamond shoes, and a gorgeous silk dress, then rode away towards the Great Wall of China. He tried to break off a small piece of the wall with a hammer. At last he saw a small piece. He struck the wall with all his might, and to his amazement, he knocked a great hole in the wall. No sooner had he done this than an ugly Tartar, a huge fellow, sprang on him and carried him away and imprisoned him. The merchant pleaded with him to allow him to return to his home for the sake of his three daughters, who would be so unhappy while he was away. The ugly Tartar liked the description of the youngest girl. One day he said he would leave the merchant in prison while he went to see the girls. If the youngest would promise to marry him, then he would return and set her father free. If she refused, the father would be killed. The Tartar mounted the merchant's horse, and the horse, knowing its way home, he soon found his way to the three daughters.

When the girls saw him, they were afraid, but the youngest remembered her promise to

be kind to the Tartar. "Perhaps," she thought, "this is THE Tartar. At any rate, I will try and be kind to him." When, however, he said he wished to marry her, she was very troubled, but to save her father's life, she agreed to do so. Always she tried to remember to keep her promise, though the Tartar was so rough and ugly.

One day he said to her, "I don't think you really love me, not even a little. You are kind and thoughtful, but you don't love me." It was difficult to see how a nice young girl could love him, but she replied that she did love him, just a wee bit. Day by day, as she tried to be kind to him, she found herself beginning to like him better.

Immediately she expressed her love for him, an awful magic spell was broken. Years ago, this spell had been cast, and the Tartar had been waiting for some one to say she loved him. Now the girl saw standing before her a handsome prince. His roughness and ugliness disappeared in an instant. Without wasting any time, they hurried away to her father's house and told him what had happened, and once again there was great joy in that happy family.

The magic spell that makes a Chinaman or

an African seem ugly to us is broken as soon as we just begin to love them, however little. As soon as we love them, they become sons of a king in our eyes, for they are sons of the King of kings.

R. E. S.

“ He causeth the grass to grow.”—Ps. civ. 14.

PEOPLE who live near Plynlimmon, which, you will remember, is a mountain in Wales, had a surprise sometime ago when they looked out on one of the fields in the foothills below the mountain, for standing out quite plainly were the letters R. E. S. I wonder if you could have guessed what those letters meant! Probably not, because I suppose you have not read much about scientific experiments on the land.

These letters stand for R. E. Stapledon, a professor well known for his study of grass. He has spent much time producing the sort of grass animals like best. He mixed bent and fescue and timothy (strange names for grasses, aren't they?) and clover, and watched the results. He saw that the sheep and cattle thrived better on one than on another, until

he produced the best possible mixture for farmers to sow.

A friend of Professor Stapledon's, partly for a joke, and probably, too, in honour of the professor, drew his initials with very large letters on this grassy hillside and sowed white clover there. During the summer, the sheep found these tasty patches and grazed there in preference to the rest of the field, and clipped them so closely that it looked as though a lawn-mower had been used. They had grazed there about twenty times as much as any other part of the field, so without knowing it, they spread abroad the fame and honour of the man who spent so much of his life for their sake.

We all like to honour those who do us great service. Sometimes we erect statues in memory of great men and women, and sometimes we show our gratitude by the way we behave towards those who have served us well.

If I ask you who has done most for you, you will all agree, I am sure, that the answer is God, for He has done more for your comfort and well-being than any one else, yes, more even than your mother. I know, too, that you would like to honour Him and make His name

known by others. There is a hymn we often sing which says something about this :

“ Day by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns in school we raise ;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

Day by day we magnify Thee,
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.”

Each verse begins with, “ Day by day we magnify Thee.” I once knew a man who often did with his garden what Professor Stapledon's friend did with that hillside. The garden was near a main road, and every year the owner would mark out a text, like “ God is Love,” and plant Virginia Stock or other small flowers to spell the words. In that way his garden became a Wayside Pulpit seen by many people. He was magnifying the name of God.

We, too, would magnify the name of God, even though we choose a different way of doing so. Every time you are honest and truthful when tempted, you are magnifying the name of God, and when you help any one who needs your help just for the love of doing so, you are magnifying the name of God.

Just as you can bring honour to your school by success in examinations or on the sports field, so you can make the name of God to shine by your success in the Christian life.

BIGGEST FIRST

“ In honour preferring one another.”—Rom. xii. 10.

A FILM photographer in the African jungle has recently made an interesting discovery about the behaviour of wild animals when they come to drink. Many animals arrive at the water-hole at the same time, but they all give way to the elephant. He is the biggest, so he must drink first. When he has finished, the rhinoceros takes his turn, followed by the giraffes, and fourthly come the zebras. After them, the rest may take their turn when and how they can, but these four are always given preference, and keep to this order.

Animals are known to travel forty or fifty miles for a drink. Some of them are deadly enemies when they meet on any other occasion, but here, at the water-hole, they observe a truce.

The order of the jungle, then, is biggest first, and that may well be a good method of keeping some measure of law and order in the jungle.

Biggest first ! That sounds strangely like something I have heard elsewhere about a boy who wants first innings at cricket. " Well," he says, " I'm the biggest. Another boy might as reasonably plead, " I'm the youngest, or the eldest, or smallest." In any case, it is not a very nice way of behaving, to want the biggest or best or first turn for ourselves. It is rather selfish, isn't it ? You yourself do not like selfish people.

I once heard how a wise mother settled a little dispute of that nature. She must have been wise to have acted as she did. She had two boys, and they had one apple between them, so, of course, the question arose which of them should divide it. At last the mother settled it like this, " You shall divide it because you are the elder, and your brother shall have first choice of the pieces because he is the younger." I imagine that apple was very fairly divided.

The order of the jungle is never very satisfactory amongst boys and girls or men and women, or for that matter, among nations either.

The winter of 1916 was very severe. A Baptist minister who was then a Chaplain to the Forces tells the story that one night two British soldiers were in charge of two German

prisoners behind the lines. All four men were shivering with cold when they came to a free canteen. Soon two mugs of steaming hot cocoa were provided for the British soldiers. They both looked at their miserable prisoners, who seemed underfed, and said, "What about our guests, Hans and Fritz? Let them drink first," and both men handed over their cocoa. Wouldn't you have liked to have been one of those British soldiers? Well, never mind, we can all behave like that every day if we choose to do so. We can live unselfishly like that.

When nations or men live like animals in the jungle, big and strong nations want to have their own way, and they want precedence over smaller nations. That sometimes leads to quarrels and even to war. We can all help to prevent any more war by behaving in peacetime like those two soldiers did in war-time, thinking of the needs of others rather than our own. Jesus always did that, and as you and I are His followers He will help us do the same.

If the boy or the girl by your side were Jesus, you would gladly give Him the first and the best of everything, and Jesus says He wants us to think of others like that. As you have done it unto one of these, the least of His brethren, you have done it unto Him.

LEAVE NO LITTER

“A path which the vulture’s eye hath not seen.”—
JOB xxviii. 7.

A PATH which the vulture’s eye failed to see must have been well hidden, for the vulture missed very little. Such a path was also likely to be unclean, because vultures were among the street-sweepers of olden days in the East. Even to-day, some people in those parts leave their litter for beasts and birds of prey to clear away.

You have probably heard of the dogs of Istanbul (the new name for Constantinople). In the days of the Sultan Abdul Medjid, a hundred years ago, all the dogs were transported from Constantinople and placed on two islands in the Sea of Marmora. In their absence, however, the dirt and refuse in the city increased to such an extent that the Turks were glad to have their unpaid scavengers back again.

These dogs are very fierce when dealing with each other, though they will not interfere with people if left alone. The Koran forbids the people to keep dogs in their houses, so they live in the streets and alleys of the city. Nobody owns a dog, and no licences are taken out for them. These dogs, however, have their own laws. They divide themselves into companies, so many dogs to so many streets. If one of them ventures outside his own area, he is at once attacked by members of another company and torn to pieces before he has time to repent of his rash behaviour.

In recent years the Turks have made many changes, and modernised their country. They have now decided they can dispense with dogs as scavengers and keep their streets clean as we do. They propose to destroy the dogs by poison gas.

Every holiday we are reminded by newspapers and the B.B.C. announcer that we should leave no waste paper and bottles and other litter about the parks and countryside. Neither vultures nor dogs would be of much use in clearing away the sort of litter we see about our country.

A Tibetan boy recently wrote about his experiences of England. He observed that the

English people keep their parks and gardens and streets clean and swept from day to day because the English love to keep things and places clean. That was a generous way of writing about us, but how much better if there were no litter to clear away.

According to reports from America, dogs and vultures would have an even more difficult task in that country if they tried to keep it clean. The most amazing habit of leaving derelict motor-cars about the countryside seems amusing to us. Some do not even take the trouble to go into the country with their old cars, but leave them in the city streets, after removing everything worth taking away. In New York alone, hundreds of old cars have to be removed by the authorities every year. This costs New York about £10,000, and in return they get about £500 for the scrap metal.

The world would be in a muddle if we all behaved like that, wouldn't it? You and I are not likely to leave old motor-cars about the streets, but we can do our bit by keeping our waste paper to ourselves until we can destroy it properly.

God has placed us in a lovely world. Let us show our gratitude by helping to keep it beautiful.

WHAT THE PIN SAID

“ I am small . . . yet do not I forget Thy precepts.”
—Ps. cxix. 141.

JOHN had been through a factory where they make pins, and as he was interested in what he saw, it was not surprising that he thought about the day's experiences after he had gone to bed. Everything was very quiet, so quiet that he could have heard a pin drop. In fact that is what John thought he did hear. Then it seemed to him as though a tiny voice were calling him by name, but for some time he could see nothing, until at last, looking down, he saw a pin.

The pin was rather annoyed that he had not been discovered sooner. “ Well, you are such a little fellow,” said John. “ You are not very big yourself,” retorted the pin, “ but we will not quarrel about that. Little things and little people have their use. There is a good deal you and I have in common, you

know," said the pin. "We both have a head, for instance." "That may be," said John, "but there is this difference; I have to use my head myself, but yours is for other people to use." "You are very sharp," said the pin, "yes, and so you should be. Boys or pins that are not sharp are not much use, but if we are sharp, we have to take care not to wound people unnecessarily."

John began to think the pin quite interesting, and wondered what he would say next. The pin noticed that John was better tempered now, and said he was glad to see him looking more cheerful and pleasant. "We are both intended to be bright, you know," he said to John. "People like bright things and cheerful faces. We can both help to make the world happier by keeping bright. If I get rusty, they throw me aside, and if you get grumpy, they leave you out." John blushed a little as he remembered how often he frowned at his mother and sometimes sulked when he could not have his own way, but as it was rather dark, the pin did not see his blush.

"Another thing," continued the pin, "we must both keep straight or people have no use for us. Crooked pins and crooked habits are not appreciated. You and I may be

small, but we can keep straight." This time John recalled with a sense of pride his mother's remark to a friend in which she praised his honesty and truthfulness, though he did remember how guilty he felt when she caught him at the sugar basin one morning when it was too wet to go out to play.

"We both have similar work to do at times," said the pin. "Part of my work is to hold things together, and you will have to do the same. The best things in the world fall to pieces when people are not sharp or bright or straight. This is not a bad sort of world if people treat it properly."

Just then the conversation was broken short, for John heard his father's voice say, "Come on, John, it is time to get up," and John came down to breakfast brighter and jollier than he had been for some time. "Pins and boys may be small, but they have their use in life," thought John as he trudged along to school.

HOBSON'S CHOICE

“What the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak.”—
1 KINGS xxii. 14.

MANY years ago there lived in Cambridge a man named Thomas Hobson, who kept a hostelry at the George Inn. He was always willing to let any one of his forty horses out on hire, and whoever came to him received the same honest treatment, that is, he must take the next horse in its turn. This might have been done in justice to the horses, to make sure one was not worked harder than the rest, or it might have been that Hobson was no respecter of persons. We know that he did care for the comfort of horses, for he provided drinking water for them in the main streets of Cambridge. Even to-day, those fresh streams running down either side the streets are of interest to visitors, and a memorial to this man.

Sometimes a rider did not like the horse

allotted to him, and wanted to choose his own, but Hobson would not allow him to do so. "This or none," he would say. So Hobson's choice means no choice.

Among the many stories told about Mr. Henry Ford, it is said that he often received requests from customers who wished to be allowed to choose the colour their new Ford car should be painted. For years, Mr. Ford remained obstinate, and always replied, "You can have your car painted any shade of black you like." That was Hobson's choice.

We must all learn when to make such a decisive choice. I do not mean we must be stubborn or stupid, but in some things our choice must be, "This or none." In the reading of books, for instance, we must demand a high standard. There are more good books in the English language than any of us can ever read, so we have no time to waste reading cheap, trashy novels.

When we are faced with right and wrong, we must make Hobson's choice.

In the days of King Ahab there lived a prophet who knew how to make this stubborn choice. His name was Micaiah. Some of you may not have heard of him. We do not know much about him, but what we do know leads

us to admire him. The King Ahab was rather like a spoilt child who always required everybody to agree with him and say nice things about him. He had many prophets who were willing to do this. On one occasion he tried to persuade the King of Judah to join him in war against his enemies. The King of Judah asked whether Ahab had consulted God about it. Ahab said he had, and that all his prophets were agreed about it. The King of Judah did not trust Ahab's many prophets, and asked if there were not one prophet of the Lord left in Israel. That sounds very sarcastic, and perhaps it was. Ahab said there was one other prophet, Micaiah, but he did not like him, because he would never say things that pleased him. The King of Judah asked that Micaiah be brought in, so soldiers were sent to bring the prophet from prison where he had spent most of his days. When the soldiers told Micaiah the king's business, they advised him to do what the king desired, and promised him great reward and freedom from prison, but the brave Micaiah replied, "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak." He made his choice between pleasing God and pleasing Ahab, and in consequence was sent back to prison to die.

That was Hobson's choice, "This or none." The truth, or nothing. We may have to pay dearly for speaking the truth sometimes, and to choose the right may be harder than to choose the wrong, but our reward is strength of character that will make us trusted by others.

Hobson's choice means treating everybody alike, rich or poor, and treating them all fairly. That is how God deals with you and me. Whether we are famous or unknown, wise or ignorant, rich or poor, God loves us all and gives all of us His best gifts.

WISE AS SERPENTS

“Be ye wise as serpents.”—MATT. x. 16.

QUITE recently there arrived at the London Zoo two fine African snakes, known as the deadly black mamba. The mamba is one of the most dreaded of snakes, and these were the first ever brought to London. They were put into a den specially prepared for them. This den is about twelve feet high. In the centre of the ceiling is an artificial sunlight lamp. Soon after their arrival, the keepers were surprised to find them one morning curled around the lamp in the ceiling. It is difficult to imagine how two six-foot snakes managed to climb a height of twelve feet, as the walls are smooth. They must have climbed to a narrow ledge by the keeper's door, reared their bodies into the air, and judged the distance to the lamp.

We speak about being wise as serpents. Those two mambas were wise enough to find

a way to the warmest part of their new surroundings.

An African missionary wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* recently about his experience with a black mamba. One day while he sat at work in his thatched hut, a great mamba crawled in and made its way into the roof. He tried to poke it out with a stick, and failing to do so, sat down to his work again, but it is rather uncomfortable to have such an unwelcome visitor somewhere overhead. He called the house-boy and told him what he had seen. The boy said he would find a snake-charmer, and in a surprisingly short time the witch-doctor appeared, dressed in red, and carrying a thick canvas bag. The missionary was naturally interested to see what would happen, so he followed the snake-charmer outside the hut. This strange-looking man knelt on one side of the hut and for some minutes played on an instrument like a banjo, which he produced from his canvas bag. He recited several incantations, and performed a few peculiar movements, then went to the other side of the hut. After playing there for some minutes, a rustling was heard in the thatched roof, and slowly the mamba appeared, head well raised, and swaying from side to

side. The snake-charmer was by now almost frenzied in his piping, as the mamba continued to approach him. When it came within two feet, he suddenly dropped his instrument, his hand shot out, and before there was time to think, the huge snake was in the canvas bag. The witch-doctor wiped the perspiration from his brow, asked the missionary if he were satisfied, and announced that the fee would be five shillings. The missionary gladly handed him his fee. Some weeks later, it was discovered that he had been tricked. The mamba was a well-trained snake belonging to the snake-charmer. It had been taught to enter people's houses, while its master remained within easy call to go in and secure his fee. We might well say of such a man that he, too, was as wise as a serpent.

Jesus says we are to be wise as serpents too, but I am quite sure He did not mean we were to indulge in sharp practices like that. If we read the stories of our missionaries and other good Christian people, we find many examples of the kind of wisdom Jesus meant.

Mr. Edward Holmes wrote to the Baptist Missionary Society giving an account of the Memorial Service which followed the death of a veteran missionary, Thomas Lewis. On the

14th of January 1930 a great congregation gathered at Kibokolo, Congo, in remembrance of Thomas Lewis. One of the native Christians told a story concerning Mr. Lewis's early days in Congo. One day, when the Zombo people were very excited and their blood ran hot, they became a howling, angry mob. Thomas Lewis stood in their midst, calm and quiet. He pleaded with them, in that appealing voice of his, to think sanely and act wisely. He tried to tell them the story of God's love, but the crowd grew more and more hostile. Some of them gathered handfuls of sand and threw it into his face. This was repeated, yet there was no word of rebuke from Mr. Lewis. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, and, wiping his smarting eyes, continued to tell them of the love of Jesus.

Mr. Holmes, writing about the Memorial Service, says of Thomas Lewis, "He ploughed and sowed in preparation for the glorious harvest now being reaped in Zombo."

That is the sort of wisdom Jesus meant when He told us to be wise as serpents.

FORGETTING

“ Yet will I not forget thee.”—ISA. xlix. 15.

MANY people are forgetful sometimes, even the most reliable people. One Sunday evening a lady whom I know very well said to her husband, “ Where ought you to have been this afternoon instead of sitting here by the fireside ? ” He looked anxious for a moment, then turning to his diary, found he was booked to speak at a men’s meeting. I have never known that man forget anything before, and if such a man can forget, then there is some excuse for all of us at times. There are, of course, other people who are always forgetting things, and that is a very bad habit. Their friends cease to rely on them because their memories are so poor.

Perhaps you have noticed that you are liable to forget some things more easily than others. You and I never forget an invitation to a party, or our birthday when we receive

presents, do we? We are inclined to remember the nice things and forget the unpleasant ones. Perhaps that is why "old" people of forty or more speak of their childhood as the good old days. They remember many of the good and happy times, and forget the unhappy ones. When I was at school there was one master who was always punishing boys, and one day when I was his victim, I remember vowing that when I was big enough I would thrash him. By the time I was big enough, however, I had forgotten my anger, and laughingly told him of my youthful vow. Well, it is a good thing we do tend to forget the unpleasant things and remember the nice ones.

The railway companies know there are many people with poor memories about. In a sale of "lost property" recently held at Waterloo Station, there were four thousand umbrellas, a large number of mackintoshes, and many other articles, and one garden shelter. Living in a world of forgetful people, we can understand the large number of umbrellas and mackintoshes, but how any one can forget all about a garden shelter is not easily explained. As a matter of fact, much larger things have appeared in the list of lost

property. A few years ago, one of the railway companies had to advertise for the owner of a traction engine that had been left in the station yard and forgotten.

When we are busy with many things, some of the less important ones are easily forgotten, and perhaps that explains why even boys and girls overlook things at times. What a wonderful memory God must have. He has all the world and everything He has made to look after and keep in His mind constantly, yet He never forgets anybody or anything. You perhaps have cousins or old school friends living at a distance. With many new friends and new interests around you, you are liable to forget the old ones, but however many God has to think about, He never forgets you. Now that seems to me very wonderful. God may be busy helping boys and girls in Africa and China, and still have time to think about you and me in England.

He wants us to remember Him too. Small as we are, He wants us to come to Him every day, and tell Him all about ourselves, and to ask Him to make us His friends.

Whatever else we may forget we will remember that, because He has promised He will never forget us.

GIVING OR GETTING

“Concerning giving and receiving.”—PHIL. iv. 15.

IF you look at a map of Palestine, you will observe that the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea are supplied from the same source. Streams rising in Lebanon flow into Galilee, and out of Galilee flows the Jordan down to the Dead Sea. The water is the same, yet the one sea is fresh and well supplied with fish, while the other is so salty that no fish can live there. The reason for this is clear. Galilee receives fresh water, and parts with all it cannot contain. It is therefore constantly renewing its supply. The Dead Sea is so much below the level of the country around that it cannot find an outlet.

A famous airman said he had been farther below sea-level in an airship than he had in a submarine. He had been flying over the Dead Sea, and that is 1292 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea.

The Dead Sea keeps all it gets, and therefore cannot keep it sweet. You try keeping all you get and see if you can do any better. Suppose you shut yourself in a large room and say, "All the air in this room is mine." You shut the windows and stop every crevice, because you intend to keep that air to yourself. Before very long you will be glad to part with it in exchange for pure fresh air.

Suppose some one gives you a large basket of lovely ripe plums. You take them home and decide you are going to eat them all yourself. If you eat them all at once, you will soon wish you had not, and you would have difficulty in finding any one willing to share your stomach-ache with you afterwards. If you keep them long enough to eat them a few at a time, many of them will go bad before the basketful is finished. You will be much happier about things if you are like the Sea of Galilee rather than like the Dead Sea.

To get the best out of anything we must share with others. There are people with motor-cars who never like to have an empty seat when they go joy-riding. They invite their friends to join the party, and really find a great deal of happiness in giving pleasure to other people.

I know two little children who share everything. At times it is rather awkward, because when somebody gives the little boy a sweet or an apple, he promptly says, "And may I have one for my little sister?" As they are very tiny children, people do not seem to mind. In fact, they are usually amused.

That is just how God wants us to ask of Him. If we have a nice home or good health, or enough food and clothes, He is glad if we ask Him to help other people get the same things. He knows we are thoughtful and kind when we ask like that.

We have a Sunday School, and we would like other children to have one too. You bring your money for the missionary box every Sunday. That is one way of asking God to provide Sunday Schools for children in other lands. If you are that sort of boy or girl, and if your Sunday School is that sort of school, you are like Galilee. Fresh water flows into the sea, and it is still fresh when it flows out. God's thoughts flow into your mind, and they are still God-like when you pass them on. We will share God's best gift with other people, and tell them the good news about Jesus Christ.

SHAKE THE REALMS OF THE
RE-NEWED

WHAT USE IS THIS ?

“ The border shall go down to Jordan, and the going out of it shall be at the Salt Sea. This shall be your land.”
—NUM. xxxiv. 12.

WHEN Joshua divided the Promised Land among the twelve tribes, the children of Judah and the children of Reuben were given the territory along the borders of the Salt Sea, or as we know it, the Dead Sea. These people probably thought it a very doubtful privilege to be by the seaside, at any rate, of such a sea. No doubt those who were given land near the Sea of Galilee rejoiced, but not so these people. They would say what you and I often say, “ What use is this ? ” The water is too salty for any creature to live in it.

People who live there to-day, however, are likely to think differently about it, for in recent years men have discovered that it is not so dead after all. For centuries, water has been pouring in and evaporating, and the result is a rich supply of valuable salts. The

Palestine Potash Works has literally turned the Dead Sea into a sea of life, and it is estimated that the salts are worth millions of pounds.

This is not the only discovery of recent years, for men have found it to be healthy near these salt waters. A very flourishing health resort is springing up there. A fine asphalt road has been constructed between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, and a motor-bus service covers the distance in less than an hour. The "Kalia Seaside and Health Resort" can boast cafés, a twin-screw motor-boat, *Kallirhoe*, which can carry eighty passengers, and even a speed-boat.

What would Joshua and the early settlers think if they could come back and see all this? A recent notice in the *Manchester Guardian* informs us that any one wishing to make arrangements for a holiday there may telephone Jericho No. 14.

The next time we are tempted to say, "What use is this?" shall we stop and think about the Dead Sea? This came home to me one day after a holiday when I went to look at my garden. Oh, the weeds that had grown while I was away! I was about to say, "What use are those old weeds?" when I remembered the Dead Sea, and that made me

think again. I looked at those weeds more closely, and one by one found they were good for something. Some were herbs with fine healing properties, and some were food for birds or animals, and the rest which I could not appreciate were probably there to prevent me from becoming lazy in my garden.

When I think of the Dead Sea, I know God made everybody and everything for some purpose. I shall still ask, "What use is this?" but now I shall stop to answer my own question, and find out why God made things that seem to be useless. I think it will be rather a good game. Will you join me in it?

THE KING'S COCK-CROWER

“Ye know not when the Lord of the house cometh, whether at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning.”—MARK xiii. 35.

WHEN the cock crows, it is getting-up time for some people. A little town boy spending his holiday at a farm had an idea that cocks were a substitute for clocks, and in a way he was right. Certainly it looks as though people in olden days used to measure one part of the day by the cock-crowing.

I once saw a young cockerel penned up by himself. His owner explained that every morning lately the cockerel came near his bedroom window at four o'clock and awakened him.

At one time there was a royal official appointed to the English Court and known as the King's Cock-crower. From Shrove Tuesday until Easter it was his duty to crow the hours of the night in the grounds of the royal palace. It is supposed that this custom refers to the

cock-crowing when Peter denied Christ. When George II. came to the throne, however, he was not well acquainted with either the language or customs of England. He was greatly surprised when the Cock-crower entered the palace, and in tones somewhat like a cock, proclaimed that it was ten o'clock. The king thought this either an insult, or the signal for a rebellion, and his friends had difficulty in restraining him from attacking the official Cock-crower. After this incident the custom was abandoned, though the official was still appointed and paid his salary until 1822.

We will notice that people who used to mark part of their day by the cock-crow must have been in the habit of rising early. Those who live in very hot countries to-day find they must do most of their work before the heat of the day. Farmers, too, are usually early-risers, and you probably know other people who have to be up very early.

There was a very good bishop who always started his day just before dawn. He was Bishop Ken, and you all know one of his lovely hymns :

“Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.”

Bishop Ken really did what his hymn says. He awoke with the sun, and that meant he was up at two o'clock in the summer. Each morning he cheerfully sang his own hymn before dressing and beginning the day's work. He was imprisoned in the Tower by James II. as one of the seven bishops who opposed the king, but he still sang his morning hymn. When he died in 1711, he was buried at sunrise under the east window of his church at Frome.

Many great men formed the habit of rising early and making a good start each day. We may not all find it necessary to get up at cock-crowing, but we can start the day in the same spirit as the good Bishop Ken. It would brighten up a few breakfast-tables if members of the family felt like singing before coming downstairs.

We can all start the day with the fifth verse of that hymn in mind, and make it our morning prayer :

“ Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.”

TAWDRY

“Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.”—
ISA. lii. 1.

WE often read in Bible days of people who were sad putting on sackcloth and ashes. Sometimes the prophets told them to repent in sackcloth. Here, Isaiah is telling them to put on clothes of gladness, because God is going to help them against their oppressors. Many people in our country wear black for mourning, and bright and gay clothes for gladness. We have an expression, “glad rags,” which is probably what Isaiah means here.

In the city of Ely, on the 17th of October every year, there is rejoicing and gaiety. This is the occasion of St. Audrey's Fair. To this fair, people have come from the surrounding countryside for centuries. There they join in the fun and excitement, and make purchases of the brightly coloured clothes and beads.

They would say, "We are going to Saint Audrey's," and if that is said quickly it becomes "Sn. Taudrey's," thus we get our word "tawdry."

If you look at your dictionary for the meaning of "tawdry," you will probably find something like this; "Without taste or elegance; having an excess of showy ornaments without grace." So the word is now one of contempt and derision, though it was not so originally. On the contrary, I imagine it was quite a compliment to be called "tawdry," for it would mean your bright clothes reminded others of the gay times at St. Audrey's Fair, and that is better than being called "Gloomy," or "Thundercloud," as I heard one boy call another who was looking anything but cheerful.

Who was St. Audrey whose name is given to this fair? Her real name was Etheldreda. She was a princess in East Anglia who lived in the seventh century. Her parents and many other members of her family were Christians, and Etheldreda wanted to live a good Christian life. She thought she could best do this by becoming a nun and leaving all worldly things alone. Many people in those days used to think like that. Her father, King Anna, was very sorry about this, for he wished her to

marry a Saxon Prince, Tonbert. He pleaded with her so much that at last she gave way, but because Tonbert loved her very much he allowed her to live as she desired, as a nun. After only three years, Tonbert died, and Etheldreda again made up her mind to enter a convent, but again she was persuaded against her own will to marry another prince, Egfrid, son of the King of Northumbria. He also loved her very dearly, yet because of her desire to be a nun she was still unhappy. After she had pleaded with Egfrid, he consented to let her go into a convent and leave him. First she went to the Abbey of Coldingham, but fearing Egfrid might follow her, she travelled south, disguised as a poor woman, and accompanied by two nuns. She possessed lands in the marshy Fen country, known as the Isle of Eels, or Ely, and there she decided to establish a monastery. After seven years she died of a fever, probably caught through nursing poor sick folk. She thought God allowed her to have much pain in her throat as punishment for the days when she wore necklaces of pearls.

In later days, people used to sell strings of gay coloured beads, and call them "St. Audrey's necklaces."

We, of course, believe God wants us to be happy and to make other people happy. He has given us beautiful things that we might know He loves beautiful things too. He does not wish us to shut ourselves away from the world, but to use His best gifts to make the world bright and happy for everybody.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

"Wisdom is better than weapons of war."—ECCLES.
ix. 18.

"SOONER SHALL THESE MOUNTAINS CRUMBLE
TO THE DUST THAN ARGENTINES AND
CHILIANS BREAK THE PEACE WHICH, AT THE
FEET OF CHRIST THE REDEEMER, THEY
HAVE SWORN TO MAINTAIN."

THESE are the words graven on the monument to Christ and to Peace, erected at Puente-del-Inca in 1904 to commemorate the ending of old feuds and the beginning of a new life of peace.

On the opposite side of the pedestal are the words :

"PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO ALL MEN."

The statue itself was cast in the arsenal at Buenos Ayres from the bronze cannon of both Argentina and Chile, and stands high in the Andes, 14,000 feet above sea-level, as a constant

reminder to the people that they have chosen the way of peace.

On 13th March 1904 crowds of people from both countries encamped on the hillsides just as two armies might have prepared for battle. At daybreak they were ready and eager for the celebration of unveiling their statue, which they dedicated to the cause of peace throughout the whole world. There, from the pinnacle of a mountain, the world may take the lesson of peace and goodwill to all men. Travellers by road between Argentina and Chile may pass by this statue, but unfortunately, those who travel by train enter a two-mile tunnel before reaching a level at which they can see it.

How came the statue to be erected in the first instance? For many years Chile and Argentina had disagreed about their respective boundaries, and after much quarrelling they came to the very wise decision to ask some one else to settle the matter for them. A Convention, meeting at Santiago on 17th April 1896, referred the matter to a Commission, with Queen Victoria as final arbitrator. Before an agreement was reached, however, the Queen died, and by December 1901 the relations between Argentina and Chile became very strained. An appeal was made to King

Edward VII., who gave his award, which was joyfully accepted by both sides.

If two countries have such an understanding, there is obviously no need to go on preparing for more wars, nor even any need to keep old armaments, so these two South American countries sold some of their battleships, and destroyed their cannon, from which they made the statue, and stopped spending money on munitions, with the result they were able to increase their industries at home and help their people to become prosperous.

Many people are very anxious to-day that all nations should follow the example of these two. War is so contrary to the spirit of Christ, that Christian people should do everything in their power to put an end to it. We can all help by joining the League of Nations Union, and show our support of its efforts to maintain peace, and to do away with the wrongs in the world that make people want to fight. We can also help by learning the ways of peace ourselves in dealing with other people.

Your headmaster at school might have a shock if two of you asked him to arbitrate instead of fighting it out in the school-yard, but the shock would not hurt him, and it would be a good thing for you to learn that

disputes can be settled much better by wisdom than by force. Next time a really lively dispute arises (and I hope it will not be soon), try the way of arbitration, and see for yourself how it works, and how it can work amongst the nations.

L. S. D.

“ They offered Him gifts.”—MATT. ii. 11.

WHEN it is your birthday you always expect to receive gifts, and when it is other people's you like to give them presents too. Sometimes, when you are unable to afford to buy a present, you puzzle your head until you think of something to make. Perhaps your mother will say, “ It is not so much the value of the gift as the thought and love it expresses that matters.” And that, of course, is true.

When you read about those wise men who came to bring birthday gifts to Jesus, don't you wish you had been one of them? Just fancy, if you could see Jesus with your very own eyes. The gifts they brought were costly, and you could not have afforded them. There is a hymn you all know which says :

“ The wise may bring their learning,
The rich may bring their wealth.”

Jesus says that if you cannot bring either of these gifts, there is another which every one of you can bring : you can bring your L. S. D. I hear you say, " But that is just what we have not got. L. S. D. is money, and we haven't much of that yet." The L. S. D. Jesus wants is very much more valuable than money, and He very much wants you to bring this gift. Strangely enough, it is also the kind of gift He wants to give you if you will accept it. What, then, is this L. S. D. which is not money, yet more valuable than money ?

What is the best gift your father and mother give you ? Is it a good home, food, clothes, toys, anything else ? Yes, many things. But why do they give you these things ? It is because they love you, and that is the best gift of all, and the golden letter " L " stands for love.

There is a story about a little girl who watched the Wise Men take their gifts to the infant Jesus. How she wished she had a present for Him too. Feeling rather sad because she had nothing to bring, she hung her head, and there at her feet she saw a pretty flower. Quickly she plucked it, and running in to Jesus said, " Here you are, Jesus, I've brought you this flower, and I've

brought you myself." That is just what Jesus most wants, He wants you to bring Him yourself.

I knew a little boy, aged three, named John. One day he ran to his mother to tell her how much he loved her. "How much do you love me?" she said. Looking up into her face, he replied, "All John." That is how Jesus wants you to love Him.

"S" stands for the shillings and other silver coins, but it also stands for something much more precious than silver. When we love people, we try to help them, don't we? A little boy noticed how busy his mother was. She had the baby to look after, and dinner to prepare, and so many things to do. The breakfast things had not been cleared away. While she was busy, he crept into the kitchen, and as quietly as he could washed the cups and saucers and put them away. Because he loved his mother, he wanted to serve her. Service like that is much more valuable than silver.

"D" is only for the copper coins, yet in the coinage of Jesus this also is a very valuable gift. You see it in every home where brothers and sisters are what brothers and sisters should be. You see it in hospitals where

doctors and nurses do their best to make people well again. You see it in the church when people love one another and love Jesus too. "D" is for devotion.

A well-known Infirmary in the North of England had an appeal for money which said, "L. S. D. Lives Saved Daily." They needed a lot of money, £250,000, and with that they would be able to heal many sick people, but they also need the L. S. D. of Jesus, and we all need it.

DAMP FIREWOOD

“Be thou an example of the believers.”—I TIM. iv. 12.

A FRIEND of mine, a Baptist minister, buys bundles of firewood from an old man who calls week by week. Some time ago, the supply of wood was so wet that he could do nothing with it until he had placed it before the fire overnight to dry for the next morning. My friend told the old firewood man about it, and he replied, “Well, I knew some of the wood was wet, but I thought you being a Christian would not mind.”

Now obviously, a Christian can no more light a fire with damp wood than any one else can, but that old man had sufficient faith in the Christian character of my friend to believe that he would not make a fuss about it.

It must be rather annoying to have a week's supply of damp firewood unloaded on you, but the point that interests me is the old man's idea of a Christian's behaviour.

The fact is that people do expect something different from us just because we are Christians, and that involves responsibility for us. If people expect better behaviour from us than from others, we shall have to be careful not to disappoint them. Really they put us on a pedestal and think that our way of life is higher than theirs, and that is how it should be. You might say that standing on a pedestal is a rather risky business. Suppose we fall ! We are not always our best self, and if other people see us then, our behaviour is likely to let us down.

I am glad my friend was able to keep his high place in the opinion of the firewood dealer and enjoyed the joke. It often helps to see the funny side of things.

I know a little boy who always listens to the children's talks on Sundays and usually tells his mother all about it when he returns home. One Sunday, however, he thought it better to remind his brother of what the minister had said. There was some dispute about their toys, and the younger one reminded his brother that if he had the love of Jesus in his heart he would let him play with his toys. Of course, that was his way of getting what he wanted, but perhaps when he grows a little

older he will see there is a funny side to that too.

People expect us to be different because we say we follow Jesus Christ, and He was different. They expect we will be kind and thoughtful about others, and unselfish, and I am glad they expect that of us, because in that way they help us to be our best selves. If people expect you to be good, it is easier to be good, and that is equally true if they always expect bad things from us, they are likely to find the bad in us.

We will remember, of course, that any difference between us and other people is not just of ourselves, not just by our own will-power, but because we have Jesus for our friend, and He expects the best from us. It is a wonderful thought to me that Jesus Christ believes in me and expects that I will always do my best, and because He expects it, I always try to follow Him.

PUTTING AWAY IDOLS

“Put away the strange gods that are among you.”—
GEN. xxxv. 2.

A TRAVELLER who has recently returned from the Solomon Islands reports that the people are too busy producing copra to be used in soap-making, to turn out the carved ornaments with which they once decorated themselves. Instead, they are importing machine-made ornaments from Birmingham and Austria.

There was a time, to our shame, when we used to send idols to people of other lands. It is probable that the very ship that carried a missionary also took images for the people to worship. It would be strange if the brass-workers of Birmingham made themselves dirty in an attempt to ornament native races across the seas, then used soap made from Solomon Island products to clean themselves again.

This incident reminds us of another occasion

when soap and religion seem to have been mixed. When missionaries first went to Madagascar in 1818 they found people who worshipped idols, not the images we usually suppose, but pieces of wood and feathers, more like a shuttle-cock.

At the request of the Malagasy king, the London Missionary Society sent out trained carpenters to make wooden houses and churches and to teach the people their crafts as well as to provide religious instruction. He was anxious to improve his people and welcomed the missionaries.

When the king died, however, and was succeeded by Queen Ranavalona I., a terrible persecution of the Christians began. She announced that all Christian teaching must cease, and told the missionaries that unless they could produce something really useful, such as soap, they must leave at once. The natives could not make soap for themselves, and it was very scarce. The missionaries agreed to try and make it for the queen, hoping in the meantime to finish the printing of the Bible in the language of the people. Within a week they had done both. The soap was sent to the queen, and the Bible secretly distributed among the Christians. The queen

now dismissed the missionaries, and for the next twenty-five years (1836 to 1861) a bitter persecution followed in which many native Christians were martyred. The first martyr was a young woman, Rasalama. She asked permission to pray before they killed her, and while she prayed she was speared to death. Others were stoned, some cast over a precipice, and some died at the stake.

In 1861 the queen died. Her successor, Ranavalona II., had been an admirer of the Christians during the years of persecution. She called an assembly of the followers of Jesus Christ and invited the missionaries to return.

When the missionaries again arrived, they found about ten times as many Christians as there had been before the persecution began.

In 1929 Mr. Kendall Gale came upon a company of Malagasy holding a religious service. He listened spellbound to a prayer offered by one of the converts, "but a heathen the day before yesterday." We will bow our heads in reverence while we listen to this prayer :

"It is our heads which ought to be crowned with thorns, O Lord, for they have

thought bad thoughts and plotted evil. It is our hands which ought to be pierced with nails, and not Thine, for they have been employed to steal constantly, to strike the innocent, to injure the unsuspecting, to take the lives of the guiltless as well as the guilty. It is our feet which ought to be nailed to the Cross, and not Thine, for they have been swift to run to evil, and slow to run to the aid of the unfortunate. It is we who ought to be spat upon as vile, and not Thee, for we have presented our bodies to every kind of defilement. It is our mouths which ought to be smitten, and not Thine, for we have told lies without number, and our lips have been employed to besmirch others without cause. It is our hearts which ought to be broken with shame, and not Thine, for there is no evil we have not plotted. It is we who ought to be nailed to the Cross of Calvary, and not Thee, for it is we who are sinners worthy of death. It is our lives which ought to be sacrificed, and not Thine, for we will not come unto Thee that we might have life."

DOMINION DAY

“ He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.”—Ps. lxxii. 8.

JULY the first ! Can any one tell me what special day that is ? I notice in my diary it is called “ Dominion Day.” It happened like this. In the year 1867 it was decided to unite all Canada under one Governor, and there was some discussion over the best name to give the newly united country. It would have been rather confusing to call it “ The United States of Canada,” and so for awhile no suitable name could be found.

One evening before going to bed, Sir Samuel L. Tilley was reading his Bible, and the portion that evening was the 72nd Psalm. As he read the eighth verse, “ He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth,” he thought he had found a good name for Canada. The next day he read the verse to other members of the Cabinet, and pointing to a map, showed how this Psalm

applied to their country, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the river St. Lawrence to the end of the earth, northwards. The other members of the Cabinet agreed, and so Canada became known as "The Dominion of Canada," and her people speak even to-day of the 72nd Psalm as Canada's Psalm.

It is a good thing for a great country like Canada to have a name that reminds her people that the land is God's. I wonder if the farmer working on his land remembers that he is growing wheat not merely in order to become rich, but as God's servant, providing bread for God's other children.

That day, anyhow, the Canadians dedicated their country to God as His Dominion, and every year they celebrate the anniversary of Dominion Day.

Christian people everywhere have thought of the world in a similar way. One of our best-known hymns says, "His kingdom stretch from shore to shore." All our missionary work arises from the belief that the world is God's and that He should have dominion over it.

You remember that William Carey had a map of the world in his workshop. He often thought of the whole world for God, and of

how the world needed God. He prayed about it, and prepared himself to be of service, until he was sure God wanted him to do something about it. That was why he went to India, and how the modern missionary movement started.

In a way, it is easy for you and me to sing, "His kingdom stretch from shore to shore," but there is one kingdom over which we must first let God rule if we would take our part in making the world His, that is, the kingdom of our own life.

There are many people here who can claim to have a Dominion Day all of their own, and it is theirs just as much as their birthday is. Dominion Day for them is the anniversary of the day they gave their life to Jesus Christ and asked Him to reign over them.

To-day may become Dominion Day for you if you, too, will give Him your life. To-day might even become of historic importance as the day when you surrendered yourself to Him. At any rate, it will always be important to you.

You see, if God is to have dominion from sea to sea, it depends on you and me and other people like us. We must first give Him dominion over our life. Will you do your part, and give Him yourself to-day?

PARLOUR FIREWORKS

“The tongue is a fire.”—JAS. iii. 6.

WE all learn when quite young that fireworks are dangerous things unless we are careful with them. We soon learn to keep away from them with lighted matches or candles, or there will be an explosion.

There are some fireworks much less dangerous than these, made specially for indoors. These we call “Parlour Fireworks.” There are times when we are glad of them, especially for Christmas parties, or for boys and girls who are unfortunate enough to be ill on 5th November, and have to spend the night in the house.

Then there is another kind of “Parlour Firework,” not so innocent, and not at all pretty. We read about this kind in the Epistle of James, when he says, “The tongue is a fire,” and sometimes it causes a great deal of mischief.

I watched two little children lighting fireworks of this kind one day. One small boy wanted to play with the same toys as his brother, and they both became excited, or heated we say, about it, and it was just as though some one put a match to this cracker—"Rip-rap," "Bang-bang," it goes. One shouted and the other shouted, until at last the trouble ended. Of course, they were very small children. Big boys and girls don't behave like that.

Bigger boys and girls have their own parlour fireworks. I once knew some boys who were fond of teasing their sister. She was very patient, and put up with a great deal. But teasing is rather like coming near fireworks with a lighted match, and sooner or later, something is likely to happen. All at once that little girl would let herself go, just like a Catherine wheel, whirling round and round, scattering sparks, and usually ending in tears. I expect you have noticed that boys who tease their sisters like that don't like other people to tease them. They are soon up in the air, like a sky rocket if any one displeases them.

One little boy had been giving a firework display of bad temper in the house, and when

bedtime came, his mother spoke quietly to him about it. "I can't help it," he said, feeling very sorry for his behaviour. "God made me like that, and I can't help it." Many people think as that boy thought, and ask, "Why has God made us like that? Would it not have been better if He had made us without tempers, and without any desire to be angry?" We might think so sometimes, but God has made us that way for a purpose, and one of the things we have to learn in life is why God has made us like that. That very passion which makes us angry is one of God's gifts to us, and He intends us to find its proper use. You will notice that you sometimes feel your passion rising when you see other people suffering, or when you see some one ill-teating an animal. Some girls become nurses and some girls and boys become doctors, just because their passion has been roused when they have seen suffering, and they feel they must help. Some become Sunday-school teachers, or preachers, or missionaries, because they have a great desire to bring others to Jesus Christ.

James was right when he said the tongue was a fire, for by that fire we can burn others and cause them pain, or we can warm and encourage others and give them new hope.

When we sing—

“Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.”

let us especially notice the verse which says,

“Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.”

IMPRESSIONS THAT LAST

“How shall it be known?”—I COR. xiv. 9.

NOT long ago a friend and I were walking along the sea front at Torquay, and my friend stopped suddenly, examining the footpath. “Look there,” he said, pointing to a dog’s footprint that had left a deep impression on the concrete. The day those paving slabs were made, a dog had walked over this one before it was hard, and the impression he made will last many a long day.

A few days later, another friend was describing the old home in which he lived as a boy. It was an old farmhouse, built over four hundred years ago. One of the things he remembered best was an impression left on the fireplace where a child had placed two fingers. That must have been done when the house was first built. Four hundred years ago a boy or girl left an impression that still remains. It looks as though you and I will

have to be careful what we do. Some things we think little about might be remembered by other people for many years, telling them the sort of boys and girls we were.

Of course that dog's paw-marks, and the two small finger-marks do not matter very much, but some impressions are made that do matter, especially, I think, impressions left on our minds.

My old Sunday-school teacher was a stone-mason, and most of his life was spent on the new Cathedral in Liverpool. I imagine it was thirsty work, but he would never drink beer as many of the other men did. One Sunday afternoon he left an impression on my mind, and it has often helped me. He told us he had been laughed at by the other men for refusing to drink or gamble. I saw my old teacher in a new light that day. I saw him as a brave man, and I was proud of him. He could stand being laughed at, and still do what he believed to be right. That was a lesson I had to learn, and now, whenever I think people will laugh at me for doing what is right, I remember him. He did not know he had left such an impression that day, but there it is. Can you stand being laughed at? Do you mind if the other fellows laugh when

you are trying to help your mother and showing your consideration for her? Are you brave enough to bring your missionary money to Sunday School when others are spending money at the sweet shop on Sundays and laughing at you for not doing so? There are many times when it is not easy to do the right thing, but then you claim to be courageous and adventurous. Here is your opportunity.

Then there are impressions we would like to wipe out and forget. A little girl once visited some relatives who lived at a distance, but her uncle was the guard on the train, so she was quite happy about the journey. In her excitement at seeing her uncle, she quite forgot to purchase her ticket, and when she arrived at the end of her journey, the guard just whispered to the ticket collector, and he allowed her to pass without paying. For nearly thirty years that left an impression on her mind that troubled her, and one day she felt she must do something to blot out that impression if she could. She wrote to the station-master, telling him what had happened nearly thirty years ago, and sent him her fare. In that way she found happiness again, not by blotting out the impression as she had hoped, but by changing it.

I saw the letter the station-master wrote to her. He seemed puzzled at her honesty, and it is quite evident she has left an impression on that station-master he will not easily forget.

We are all of us leaving impressions every day, either on our own minds or other people's. What sort of impressions are you leaving? It all depends on the sort of boy or girl you are. If you are Christ's boys and girls, He will help you to leave such impressions that others will be helped, and you will find happiness.

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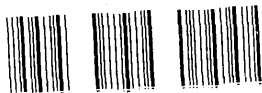


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